

DRAMA HOST

Indiana Jones And The Bridge To Yesterday

The Unabridged Radio Dramatization

It's 1945, and the closing year of the Second World War. A time of globally-shifting crisis as countries rally in teetering opposition against a menacing World Power.

Since the rise of the Fuhrer and his legions, nations have fought and failed to gain footing against Germany's crippling hold. In a point of tide-turning sequences, the leader of the Third Reich, Adolf Hitler has taken his life and the moment of liberation has come.

During these years Indiana Jones has become one of America's O.S.S. Operatives and carried out continual missions under the direction of General Bob Ross to help gain the upper hand in the battle against Nazi rule, making new allies and escaping death around every corner.

But in a last ditch effort to escape the repercussions of their countless war crimes, Officers that served in the Enemy's Forces have retreated into hiding as they flee for their lives.

One such much man is the brilliant Nazi 'Pioneer of Dark Science', Dr. Emil Reinschmidt who has taken one of Indy's fellow operatives Grace Lovell by gun point and is piloting his helicopter through the Bermuda Triangle in a grand scheme to change the outcome with one last experiment.

As this mad Doctor hovers above the harrowing Tropical Waters, amidst dogfighting planes; a storm unlike anything ever witnessed rages in a sky-churning Event Horizon that appears to be opening a window to a point of no return.

Now two dedicated war pilots Forrest J. Gerber & William E. Lightfoot flying Avenger-Class fighter planes make their approach to join in the aerial battle, taking down enemy fighters along the way. Desperate to catch up with Indy as he clutches for his very life on the rope of Reinschmidt's helicopter.

(Fighter-plane Flyby / Bullet Impacts)

FORREST

Hey *watch* it pal! I'm flying here!

BILL (*Over Radio*)

You watch it, Forrest, I'm *shooting* over here!
Even if I'm not hitting anything but air!

FORREST

Hey Bill!

BILL (*Over Radio*)

Y'huh?

FORREST

You're not gonna believe this!

BILL (*Over Radio*)

Say what?

FORREST

I said, "you're not gonna believe this!"

BILL (*Over Radio*)

Huhha, I'm not?

FORREST

Heck no you're not!

BILL (*Over Radio*)

Oh yeah, why's that?

FORREST

You're gonna say, "No way! It's too far-fetched!"

BILL (*Over Radio*)

C'mon!

I've seen a few things in my day... enough to keep me
pretty open minded!

FORREST

Look at the storm, right there in the eye of it!
You see it?!

BILL *(Over Radio)*

There's something unnatural about that, I've never seen anything like it!

FORREST

I know, right!

It has like a shimmering film to it, eh like some sort of *mirage*!

(Cockpit Beeping / Flipping Switches)

FORREST

Hey wait...

(Cockpit Alarm)

BILL *(Over Radio)*

Wait?

"Wait" *what?!*

FORREST

Look out, enemy plane's got our 'Six'!

(Enemy Turret Fire & Plane Explosion)

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

"Six"?

Well, tough tacks for him.

Your tails are *mine* to pin.

FORREST

You just saved our lives!

Thank God!

BILL *(Over Radio)*

And *You*, Captain!

I thought we were goners!

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

Pleasure's all *mine*.

I need you boys in the skies, not fish fried.

And Gerber...

FORREST

Sir?

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

You don't cut the chatter, the next plane that I tag will be yours, got it?!

FORREST

But Sir I was just trying to...

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

No buts, Officer!

And Lightfoot...

BILL *(Over Radio)*

Captain?!

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

If your mind was as open as your eyes then you're a goddamn fool leadin' the blind!"

FORREST

Hey guys!

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

What now, Lieutenant?

FORREST

Captain, check your five!

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

The chopper?!

BILL *(Over Radio)*

Not the chopper!

FORREST

Colonel Jones!

(Loud External Helicopter Speakers)

SMITTY

Jones!!!

I know you can hear me, below!

How wonderful to see you once again!

Don't think I didn't know you were still there; dangling
bare by precarious *thread*.

Admittedly, I admire your efforts.

For other men of lesser fortitude would certainly have
given up by now. But fie upon formality Indy,
the three of us must go on with our *show*, wherein I play
the snake you cannot shake..

... maintaining again, your saving 'Grace'.

GRACE

Get that gun off of me.

Just let *go* Indy!

SMITTY

Oh Grace, you know he won't, unless of course, we take
the time to change things.

(Helicopter Aerial Acrobatics)

BILL

Whoa, the Chopper just took a hard bank!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

I saw it! I saw it! What a whiplash!

BILL

How'd Jones keep his hat on?!

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

No time for that, the important thing is he held on, but he
needs our help!

I'd do the job myself but we got ourselves some bogeys!

(Cockpit Alarm)

BILL

And plenty over par, at 5 o'clock!

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

I'll take the clubs and finish up the back nine!
You two are gonna caddie Colonel Jones!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

You hear that Bill?!
We're off to lend a wing!

BILL

We'd better get it back!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

C'mon, *Trust* me!

(Loud External Speakers From Helicopter)

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

Hey Bill!

BILL

What's going on?!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

I think Jones just pulled a pistol!

BILL

He's gonna need a pretty lucky shot!

(Loud External Helicopter Speakers)

SMITTY

Are you still there?
Ah ha!
Space has not changed!
Who would have it any other way?

(Gunfire & Helicopter Cockpit Alarm)

SMITTY

Where are we hit?!

GRACE

The fuselage.
Your fuel's leaking.

SMITTY

Where else!
Science proves more trouble than it's worth... not to
worry.

GRACE

What are you doing?!

SMITTY

Revising the script.

GRACE

But!

SMITTY

Do not fret about his fate, time is now forever *ours* to
change.

(Loud External Helicopter Speakers)

A pity I must cut our trial short but as you know...I'm
keeping a *strict* schedule, Colonel!
Enjoy the water, I hope you're thirsty!

(Water Plunge)

GRACE

No!
You monster!
He's under the water, he's gonna drown!

SMITTY

Hahahaha, Fish bait!
We've time to stay a moment, don't you think?

GRACE

You're evil.

SMITTY

Let's see if we get anything to *bite*.

GRACE

This might!

(Punch)

SMITTY

Mein Gun!

GRACE

Pull up the chopper,

(Pistol Gunfire)

Now!

SMITTY

Alright Ms. Lovell!

If he's still there I swear I'll take him with us.

GRACE

Don't even think of trying anything!

You'll be keeping your 'word'!

BILL

Hey Forrest, what's going on in that chopper?!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

I don't really know!

Looks like there was a fight and the window blew out!

BILL

Any sign of the Colonel?!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

I can't tell, the fog is really starting to get *thick*!
I'm going in to get a closer look!

Oh no.

BILL

"Oh no" what?! What is it?!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

The rope, it's empty.
There's no sign of Colonel Jones.

GEORGE *(Over Radio)*

Alright, let's look alive, men, that storm's out there is
getting a whole lot worse!
One bad move and it'll swallow us whole.

SMITTY

Grace, in time you'll understand why I've revised
things....

This scene wherein the famous Colonel Jones was
finally defeated by his rival: Dr. Emil Reinschmidt!

(Loud Thunder Clap & Helicopter Door Opening)

INDY

Hey there, *Smitty*!

(Punching)

Sorry I'm late!

GRACE

But how'd you just-

INDY

Move this clown, I gotta figure out how to *fly* this thing!

GRACE

What are you doing?!
There's no going back!

INDY

There is... for you and me, kid!

GRACE

Indiana Jones.

SMITTY

You're tugging on my heart strings.

But go on and kiss her "goodbye", Indiana!

For tragedy is wrought by-

INDY

'Can-it', will ya?!

Put that gun on him and shoot him if he doesn't want to shut up!

I've let you ramble on too long already!

Is the radio working on this thing?!

GRACE

That switch there and you're "live"!

INDY

Thanks Doll!

Colonel Jones calling Flight 19, copy?!

I Repeat: Colonel Jones to Flight 19!

You boys read me?!

GEORGE (*Over Radio*)

Haha, we read you loud and clear!

Thanks for the Sunday call.

INDY

Afraid I'd miss it?

GEORGE (*Over Radio*)

My faith will never waver!

INDY

Likewise, Captain.

Get on the comm and radio the General!

I've retrieved Dr. Reinschmidt and his "research".

(Fighter-plane Flyby)

GEORGE

It's on the fritz but I'll work something out!
Always do.
You find any lost artifacts?!

INDY *(Over Radio)*

Just *you*, George!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

What'd he say?

BILL *(Over Radio)*

Can't tell he's breaking up!

GEORGE

Do you still have a visual?!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

Negative!
This fog is way too thick!

BILL *(Over Radio)*

Quick, adjust your frequency; he's coming in clearer on the other channel!

INDY *(Over Radio - Heavy Static Clears)*

I say, Mop up those Messerschmitts...
And bomb the rest to hell!

GEORGE

You heard him, Flight 19!
Go dump your payloads!
You got the 'All Clear'!

FORREST *(Over Radio)*

But Colonel!

INDY *(Over Radio)*

Yeah?!

FORREST (*Over Radio*)
The chopper!

(*Helicopter Flyby*)

INDY
What about it?!

GRACE
The bullet hole from your shot!

BILL (*Over Radio*)
It's running out of fuel!
You're out of time!

INDY
Of *'time'*?
Well, it's a good thing I remembered...

GRACE
Are you flying us *into* that storm?!

INDY
... It ain't how much you have, but how you *use* it!

(*Quiet Classroom Sounds*)

1ST STUDENT
Professor?

2ND STUDENT
Professor.

3RD STUDENT
Hey, Professor!

4TH STUDENT
Doctor!

5TH STUDENT

Uh, Professor, are you okay?

6TH STUDENT

What's happening?

2ND STUDENT

Why isn't he talking?

3RD STUDENT

We should leave.

2ND STUDENT

Does this mean class is over?

MARCUS

Indy!

You were *saying*?

3RD STUDENT

He drifted off.

INDY

Why yes, yes of course!

Archaeology is the scientific study of the past. And through the recovery and analysis of any given culture's artifacts, architecture, bio-facts or landscapes, we can achieve a greater understanding of not only our own human history, but also of the planet we inhabit.

So, save for the dream machines you'd find within H.G. Wells, Mark Twain or Timmy's pulps, this field remains our only bridge to yesterday.

(School Bell Rings)

Alright, you're off next week but *please* review Michaelson!

Well, mainly chapters 4 and 5 but *all* of it!

And don't forget, I don't pull any punches on my finals!

MARCUS

Good recovery Indy.

INDY

Sorry, Marcus.

I didn't bring back *anything* this time, except for myself.

MARCUS

A prize beyond all else.

INDY

I had another flashback.

MARCUS

Yes, we saw.

Lord knows what you went through during the war.

Too much I am afraid.

INDY

Or not enough.

MARCUS

Meaning?

INDY

Well I'm happy to be...

LARA

Professor Jones?!

INDY

Laura!

LAURA

I never thought I'd see *those* eyes again..

and back where they belong: Behind-the-Glasses. Don't keep'm on too long.

MARCUS

Again Indy, you were saying?

INDY

I'm happy to be home, old boy.

MARCUS

Which reminds me, there are people to see you.

INDY

People?

What people?

MARCUS

Oh, you'll know the type.

(Music Playing - Perry Como: Dig Ya Later)

CROWD

Surprise!

INDY

Marcus, you promised me.

MARCUS

Did I?

INDY

I said *no* parties.

MARCUS

I also told you that the National Museum would get to keep the lost Ark... and look how that turned out.

INDY

This isn't what I had in mind when I left you with the spare key to my house.

Well, I will admit I needed the champagne.

MARCUS

Did not we all?

It's one hell of a vintage.

INDY

So are *you*.

MARCUS

I *have* seen a few years now haven't I?

INDY

Yeah, you and me both.

MARCUS

Thank God they've been well spent.

What is it?

INDY

Oh, it's nothing.

MARCUS

No, it's not.

Speak up.

INDY

I've just had a chance to do some thinking, that's all.

MARCUS

About?

INDY

The rest of my career.

MARCUS

Do tell.

INDY

Nah... Let's just forget it.

MARCUS

But how can I?

INDY

I've spent so much of my life living abroad...

Killing, spying, flying, getting shot at...

I'm always *searching*, Marcus.

But for what?

MARCUS

Well, that's the point, Indiana...
Adventure makes you *tick*.

INDY

Now, don't get me wrong, it's been *extremely* thrilling.
Even though there have been a few close calls.

MARCUS

But?

INDY

The thrills were all just moments...

INDY & MARCUS

Lost in time.

INDY

Right.

MARCUS

Well, what would you have done differently?

INDY

Oh, I don't know.
Both everything and nothing.

MARCUS

Every man eventually thinks on the road not taken. I'd
even argue it's a rite of passage.
But sooner or later we all remember...

(Doorbell Ringing)

INDY

Now, who could that be?

MARCUS

Another tardy guest?

INDY

Yeah, or maybe the police.

MARCUS

Well there, you see?

Maybe we're not so old then after all.

INDY

Speak for yourself!

MARCUS

I didn't know I had to.

(Door Knocking / Door Opens)

INDY

Bob!

What a surprise!

Come on in the house, it's freezing out there.

Can I get you a drink?

BOB

Forgive me, Indy.

INDY

For what?

BOB

For this.

INDY

What's this?

BOB

Your *orders*, Colonel.

INDY

My orders?

What do you mean?

I've been discharged.

We *won* the war, remember?!

Didn't we?!

BOB

Maybe we should talk somewhere a little more... private.

INDY

Yeah, follow me and shut the door behind you.

MARCUS

I didn't know you had a second basement.

INDY

I needed the expansion, so I dug it up behind your back.

MARCUS

Some of these things really do belong in our museum.

INDY

Of course they do, that's why they're in my will.

BOB

He shouldn't be down here.

MARCUS

Neither should *this*.

I thought you said you lost it in Calcutta.

INDY

I *did*!

Listen, he'll just find out by default!

What's going on here, Bob?!

What's inside the folder?

BOB

Intelligence.

INDY

Oh I'm sure "intelligence" but what about?

BOB

Dr. Reinschmidt.

INDY

Ha, Smitty?!

I thought we lost him in the ocean!

BOB

He might still be alive.

INDY

What is this, a joke?

BOB

What do you know of the Devil's Triangle?

INDY

Just ghost stories, no more than local folklore. Gigantic squids and disappearing ships... but stuff like that spreads all over the ocean.

What's any of this got to do with Smitty?

BOB

Three nights ago a package washed ashore outside our naval base on Andros Island.

It was addressed specifically to you.

INDY

Me?

Well, what was in it?

BOB

Take a look.

INDY

But this can't be. It *can't*!

BOB

It's Doctor Reinschmidt from 1919.

INDY

But how could...

BOB

Now turn it over.

INDY

"Greetings Colonel Jones!

Enjoy the future.

I'll meet you back in 1945, ever alive until the end of time.

Eternally yours, Dr. Emil Reinschmidt."

BOB

We've tested it.

The photo is authentic.

There are others too and each from different decades.

MARCUS

Who is this "Emil Reinschmidt" anyway?

BOB

A doctor.

INDY

Yeah, but of *what's* up for debate.

BOB

Also a mathematician...

INDY

And a linguist, a skilled swordsman, an even better marksman...

BOB

An Equestrian...

INDY

Allegedly an actor.

Did I mention he's *also* an ace pilot?

MARCUS

Besides credentials, why is he so important?

INDY

Why else?

BOB

He threw his lot in with the Nazis.

INDY

Who funded his ridiculous "research."

He used to call it their *insurance plan*.

MARCUS

For what?

BOB

For if the Fuhrer lost the war.

INDY

Marcus, what do you know of Einstein-Rosen Bridges?

MARCUS

Only the basics really, layman's knowledge.

It's hard to explain without mathematics.

INDY

So basically they're "shortcuts" through space and time.

It's all just hypothetical but Reinschmidt was convinced he could prove the theorem true.

BOB

Eventually we raided his compound and found nothing.

A few models and papers... but nothing of substantial consequence.

INDY

I watched him die.

Or at least, I thought I did.

BOB

We've prepared a team to investigate the waters within the Devil's Triangle.

Their orders are to locate and retrieve Doctor Reinschmidt and his latest research.

I just need to appoint our squadron leader.

INDY

I see.

And that's where / come in?

BOB

"Officially"?

Yes.

INDY

And unofficially?

BOB

Unofficially:

There are reasons that I want you there, of *all* people.

And I need you be the person that I know you to be, no matter *what* else happens.

You've earned the right to say no to this, Indy.

You've served your country tenfold; we *all* know that.

But if there really *is* something to this... then you're the only man that I can trust.

INDY

To do what?

BOB

To *destroy* what's been discovered.

If such technology truly exists, it can't stay there and it can't come back.

No one should hold that power in their hands.

(Nighttime Winter Airfield / Car Approaches / Doors Open)

MARCUS

We've already got more than we can handle.

This world is filled with so much mystery.

INDY

Not to mention history has a tendency of keeping all her dirty secrets.

MARCUS

Good thing you're here to dig the details up.

INDY

What's in the package?

MARCUS

Oh, just a little bit of luck.

INDY

For what?

MARCUS

Caution may not be enough this time.

INDY

Never is, too caught up in the wind!

MARCUS

Be careful out there.

INDY

Yep, here we go again.

MARCUS

Indy!

INDY

Yeah?!

MARCUS

You cannot change your past... I only ask you try not to forget it.

(Plane Takeoff / Ocean Waves Near Andros Island Dock)

GRACE

No sir, I'm alright.
I'm just waiting for some friends.
You can go ahead and go home.
Thanks for asking.

'White Majestic' to 'Storm Captain', do you copy?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

Affirmative, 'White Majestic'.
What's your position?

GRACE

I'm here at Andros Islands old dock.
The squadron's just arriving.
You?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

We're on a swift-boat nearby.
Permission to commence Jones' extraction, then?

GRACE

Negative, still no sign yet of the Colonel.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

Dummkopfs!
Standing by.
Can you confirm the intel awhile on your team?

GRACE

Only what I know.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

Then who's that, there?
The shaggy one riding the motorbike, wearing a kilt.

GRACE

I see him in my field glasses.
That's Sargent Rod Wyatt.
Combat specialist, more commonly known by his
nickname "Rowdy."
19th Regiment Royal Artillery and veteran of both the
Italian and North African campaigns.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

That everything you have on him?

GRACE

He's a little hard to understand when he talks, he's got a heavy Scottish accent.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

Well that makes sense, based on his clothes.

GRACE

Hopefully he doesn't speak as much Gaelic as he used to.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

You Americans, so ignorant.

Ugh, Disdain!

Alright, now what about that unmarked cargo plane, that's approaching?

GRACE

The plane's 'The Double Malt' and she's more than you'd expect.

"A shadow in the night, sun ray by day."

They say she's flown over a hundred missions, transporting ammunition, food, and supplies to allied causes all over the globe.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

Are the stories they say about her true?

GRACE

You never know with this one.

She's built to land on any type of surface.

But as for "jungle tops, hot lava, and ice sheets"?

Most likely just the boastings of her pilot: Civilian Captain Jimmy Ray Jenkins.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

Und what about that small Wave-liner boat over there?

GRACE

Commander Matthew James Faraway Jr.
Just another prairie-dog farm-boy who came of age and
joined up in the Navy.
But don't let his youthful looks deceive you.
If anything, let that katana he carries be an indicator.

He's also not such a bad pilot and *no one* in the fleet can
match his blade.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE (*Walkie Talkie*)

And what about you - 'White Majestic'?
Aside from being a Doctor of Physics, what's your story?

GRACE

Nothing that you don't already know.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE (*Walkie Talkie*)

Nein, there's *always* more.

GRACE

Too true.
Well, that's everything on my end.
Stand by to move in on us when you see Jones and
remember *I'm trusting you*.
Our plan is that no one's harmed.

I'd better go greet my team.
They're headed this way, up the dock now.
Over and out.

SKIP

Uh, there she is, there's Dr. Lovell over there... Oh, I
think we're late.

JIMMY

Yeah, But *fashionably* so.

GRACE

That's more than I can say for Colonel Jones.
Glad you could make it gentlemen.

ROWDY

Actually I think the Colonel can handle speaking for him-bloody-self, there.

JIMMY

What'd he just say?

INDY

He said...

He thinks the Colonel can speak for himself.

JIMMY

Colonel!

GRACE

Nice parachute, a bit dramatic.

I'm assuming there's a reason?

You know, I never took you for a flyboy, Jones.

INDY

Nor I, until the Battle of Britain.

Captain Jenkins.

Commander Faraway.

Oh and look, from here on out we need to be discrete, so let's not address each other by rank.

SKIP

Well, please call me Skip, sir.

INDY

Ha!

Skip *Faraway*?

You make that up yourself, kid?

ROWDY

The kettle's lookin' mighty black there, 'Indy'.

INDY

Sgt. Wyatt, how you've been ole pal?

Can't believe they actually got you to hop the pond for a mission like *this*.

What was it, did you miss me?

ROWDY

I'm not your limey pooch, you crazy grave robber.

INDY

Ha.

GRACE

I'm surprised to see you without that beat up hat of yours.

INDY

Sent it off to my friend John for repairs and re-blocking.
He's the best in the business.
A hat like that deserves a little love, every now and then.

GRACE

Alright, so what made you decide to parachute in?

INDY

I needed to get a lay of the land.

JIMMY

You notice anything?

INDY

You bet I did.
The package that "washed up" by the Naval base landed
on the *eastern* edge of the shore.

SKIP

So what's that mean?

ROWDY

Aye, enlighten us, Professor.

INDY

In other words, I doubt it floated in from the Atlantic.

JIMMY

You're saying somebody *delivered* it?

GRACE

Espionage.

SKIP

Someone working on the inside?

Great.

INDY

No other explanation for it.

But *if* somehow Reinschmidt really *is* behind this, I doubt he's working with some type of armed...

Whoa Whoa Whoa...

Do you hear that?

(Distant Humming)

SKIP

Hear what?

ROWDY

That humming noise.

SKIP

Looks like a Swift-boat.

JIMMY

All the way out here?

SKIP

Are we expecting anybody else?

INDY

The General has insurance standing by.

But they're Avenger Class Fighter Planes in a holding pattern posed as a training flight.

JIMMY

Well, that's not a plane.

SKIP

Yeah and too early to call one.

Jimmy, pass me my gun, the one with the scope.

I wanna take a closer look.

JIMMY

Yeah, here ya go, buddy.

SKIP

It's a platoon, alright.

Armed Troopers.

Eight of them, not ours.

Wearing helmets and gas masks.

They have a Commander with them on deck, looks like
he's standing by a firing hooking-cable.

INDY

You see anything else?

SKIP

It doesn't matter now!

INDY

Why not?!

SKIP

Cuz we need to *duck*!

(Gunfire)

INDY

Great job Kid, way to get yourself spotted!

SKIP

"Spotted"?!

You think this is *my* fault?!

They probably saw you coming in with your big
parachute!

You can thank me later for *saving* your skin!

INDY

"Save" your *own* skin!

Believe me, I do just fine on my own!

GRACE

Would you two knock it off?!
They're coming this way!

(Harpoon Fire)

JIMMY

Geez!
They just missed you with that hook!
I think he was trying to grapple onto your chute!

SKIP

Quick, take off your pack!

INDY

Hold on!
Pass me that hook!
I'm gonna latch it onto my harness!

JIMMY

What for?

INDY

For *this*!

GRACE

Hey wait!
What are you doing?!?

SKIP

Well where does he think he's going?

GRACE

That's his plan?!
Getting himself dragged off by that *boat*, with a *line* and
a *parachute*?!

ROWDY

Still the same man as ever.

JIMMY

And as simple as that, we've got our first objective.

SKIP

Which is what?

ROWDY

What else would it be?

GRACE

Just when we got ourselves here.

There goes "discrete".

No time to settle in, gentlemen.

Skip, Rowdy, take what you need and head after them
on your Wave-liner.

Make sure to turn on your channel.

Jimmy and I will load the rest of your stuff onto the
Double Malt and be right behind you.

We've gotta go rescue Jones.

(Boat Engines)

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Achtung, Helmsman!

NAZI SWIFT-BOAT HELMSMAN

Jawohl?!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Careful maneuvering the vessel this close off the coast
of the island!

We want to keep ourselves in one piece, if we're to
make it back!

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER *(Over Intercom)*

Captain!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Report, Commander.

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER *(Over Intercom)*

We were able to get hold of Colonel Jones, as planned.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Sehr gut!

He's no longer dragging behind us in the water?

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER *(Over Intercom)*

Well, no sir.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Ah, you've brought him aboard then.

Excellent, bring him inside.

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER *(Over Intercom)*

But Captain-

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Yes, Commander?

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER *(Over Intercom)*

He's not actually on board though.

Not exactly.

(Seaplane Flyby)

GRACE

Nice plane you have here, Captain Jenkins.

We're lucky you had it with you.

JIMMY

Thanks, she's my "Lady Luck".

You see him down there, Skip?

We're closing in on you two now.

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

Oh I see him alright!

He's still hanging on, gliding behind their boat with his parachute tethered to that hook they fired at us!

GRACE

Pull back!

Ease off your speed and bring us closer.

We'll need to stay behind and give them cover.

(Turret Fire)

JIMMY

Geez!

GRACE

Watch it down there!

ROWDY *(Over Plane Intercom)*

They're firing at us, boy!

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

I've got it, I've got it!

JIMMY

I don't think *he's* the one who needs the cover, Doctor!

(Boat Engines / Turret Fire)

INDY

Hey!

I'm precious cargo here!

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER

Idiot!

What do you think you're doing, Gunner?!

I told you *not* to fire on the Colonel!

Our orders were to bring him back *alive*!

(Seaplane Flyby)

GRACE

They've stopped firing.

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

Yeah, maybe.

JIMMY

Your Scottish friend's up to something, there in the back of your boat.

What's he digging around for in that stuff of his?

GRACE

Sgt., what are you doing down there?

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

You packed a *crossbow*, what good's *that* gonna do?!

ROWDY *(Over Plane Intercom)*

You're one to talk, *you* packed a sword!

Don't worry, I know what I'm doing.

Now, try to get me an angle on them, I'm taking a shot!

JIMMY

His Waveliner's coming up on that Swift-boats right flank!

Hey Skip, whatever you guys are doing you'd better hurry.. "Bad guys" always have more friends!

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

Hey big guy, how you doing there?!

ROWDY *(Over Plane Intercom)*

Steady-on there, boy!

You hold that wheel where she is, and this next arrow's "true"!

GRACE

Don't shoot, you're gonna get Jones killed!

(Boat Engines)

SWIFT-BOAT GUNNER

Sir, you said don't shoot Jones, but what about the others?!

They're right behind us!

NAZI STORM-COMMANDER

You can shoot them!
But if you hit the Colonel you're a dead man!
You hear me?!
Dead!

(Crossbow Fire)

SWIFT-BOAT GUNNER

Commander!

(Seaplane Flyby)

JIMMY

Woohoo, Nice shot Rowdy!

GRACE

Well, I guess that's *that*, then.

ROWDY *(Over Plane Intercom)*

Give us some space for me to reload!
Then round that rosey again, I'm not done yet!

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

You've got it, hang on!

(Boat Engines)

SWIFT-BOAT GUNNER *(Over Intercom)*

Captain, are you there?!
Captain, come in!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

What are you doing on the line Gunner and not at your post?!

SWIFT-BOAT GUNNER *(Over Intercom)*

They just killed the Commander!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Vas, What happened?!
I didn't hear a gunshot!

SWIFT-BOAT GUNNER *(Over Intercom)*
Someone shot him with an arrow!

(Crossbow Fire)

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE
Gunner?!
Gunner, respond, are you hit?!
Scheisse!
They may have taken out another one of our men!
You two, grab what armaments you need and head out
back and find out what's going on!
I've signaled our other Swift-boat we have on standby,
for backup!
They'll be here by the time you're on deck!

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER
But won't that blow our cover?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE
Nein, it's too late!
The only thing that matters now is *Jones*.
Schnell, schnell!!

(Seaplane Flyby)

JIMMY
We're moving too fast in this plane!
I'm gonna bank wide and give us some altitude, then I
can bring her back in behind them again and try to keep
pace with their boats!
Hang tight kid, we're coming right back!

GRACE
Jimmy, look!
There's another enemy swift-boat coming in fast on their
left!
They're gonna attack them!

JIMMY
You see that, Skip?!
Look left!

(Turret Fire)

SKIP

I'm kinda busy right now!

ROWDY

Are you in one piece, Kid?!

SKIP

I'm fine!

Hang onto something, I'm gonna ram them!

(Collision / Seaplane Flyby)

GRACE *(Over Wave-liner Intercom)*

Skip!

Skip, you hear me?!

SKIP

Yeah, I copy!

GRACE *(Over Wave-liner Intercom)*

Two enemy troopers just stepped out onto the forward deck of the boat Jones is attached to!

I don't know if they see you two yet!

Try to move up further along the side and out of their line of sight!

Do *not* engage them!

(Boat Engines)

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER

There's Jones now, still hanging from his parachute rigged to the cable!

2ND NAZI STORM-TROOPER

I'll reel him in on the crank to that line!

We'll have him for the captain in a moment!

INDY

Oh no you don't!

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER

Look out Trooper, he's got a gun!

(Gunfire / Damage)

2ND NAZI STORM-TROOPER

Mein gott, I lost grip of the handle!

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER

Quick, the cables giving!

He's floating off, don't lose him!

(Seaplane Flyby)

JIMMY

That should do it, bringing her back in.

GRACE

Jimmy, look out!

Jones is heading right for us!

Damn it, Skip, what's happening down there?!

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

They lost hold of the cable, but one of those troopers just recovered Indy's line to the boat!

GRACE

Listen to me, do *not* shoot him!

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

Yeah, you might wanna tell that to the Colonel!

Rowdy, grab the controls and steer this thing, will ya!

JIMMY

Any ideas on how we're gonna save him?

SKIP *(Over Plane Intercom)*

You guys just get back here and worry about that other Swift-boat!

I'll worry about saving Jones!

JIMMY

You ever man a gun before, Doctor?!

GRACE

Not from a plane but... how hard could it be?!

JIMMY

Well then, the access hatch to the turret-seat's in the back.

(Seaplane Turret Hatch)

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

What are you doing, White Majestic! Stop shooting!

GRACE

And blow my cover, like *you* almost did by calling me?!

I just happened to turn off the internal comm here!

Now look *your* men fired first, starting this whole mess and *now* you've brought in backup!

So, sorry, no can do!

Unfortunately, now I'm gonna have to sell this performance!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE *(Walkie Talkie)*

I'm warning you, don't you *dare* do this!

GRACE

You wanna make an omelet?

You're gonna have to crack a couple eggs!

(Seaplane Turret / Explosion)

JIMMY *(Internal Plane Comm)*

Nice shooting there, Grace!

You took out that backup Swift-boat of theirs!

(Boat Engines)

ROWDY

Hurry Skip, let's get up there!
Looks like Indy's freed himself of his chute and gonna zip-line down!

SKIP

Right, follow me!

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER

Trooper, What do we do?!?

2ND NAZI STORM-TROOPER

Anything but let go of that line!

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER

We have company and he's got a gun!

SKIP

Alright, tie the rope to the crank and start reeling him in!

2ND NAZI STORM-TROOPER

I don't think so!

ROWDY

Look out!

(Punch)

SKIP

My gun?!
Fine, then I guess I'll just have to show you how good I am with my katana.

1ST NAZI STORM-TROOPER

Trooper!
Quick, grab that rifle on the ground!

INDY

Move over kid!

(Punch)

Take out the other one!

(Wilhelm Scream)

SKIP

You're carrying a *bullwhip*?!

INDY

Don't I always?!

Zip-lined down with it.

Try pulling *that* one off with a katana!

SKIP

Well, I owe you one.

ROWDY

Indy, that Gunner's still *alive*!

INDY

Watch it, Skip!

(Bullwhip Crack)

INDY

That's twice now, but who's keeping count?

Now come on, cockpit's this way!

(Cockpit Door Opens)

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Mein gott!

Nein, nein, nein!

White Majestic!

Do you copy?!

Come in, White Majestic!

Damn it!

NAZI SWIFT-BOAT HELMSMAN

Amerikaner?!

INDY

Hey now, no need to be upset.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Vas?!

INDY

Alright, hold it, right there Captain!
(*Indy's Gun Cocking*)

ROWDY

We found two other troopers, but I threw them
overboard.
I think a may have even broke one of them's arms.

SKIP

He only brought a couple of his friends.
Don't *you* move either, helmsman!

INDY

You did *invite* me to this party, no?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Und so, Colonel Jones.
So lovely you could make it.

INDY

I can't say that I'm happy to be here.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Come now Colonel, I seriously doubt that.

INDY

How do you figure?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Indiana Jones, The great and consummate adventurer?
Back on the trail of his old enemy?
That seems enough to make him ditch his schoolwork,
Ja?

INDY

I think you're overstating his esteem.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Oh am I now?

The last time you two met, you barely cheated death over the ocean.

INDY

Been in worse spots.

Now tell me, where is Reinschmidt?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Herr doctor?

Ah he's just across the water.

But that's relatively speaking of course.

SKIP

What do you mean?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Dummkopf!

In 'space' he's rather close, but in regards to 'time'... far, far away.

INDY

That's it, I've heard enough of this!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Nonsense, Colonel Jones?

You put on *airs*.

And after all to which you have been witness!

You still prefer to act so cynical when deep down you know you're a true believer.

Loosen your grip on my uniform.

INDY

Fine.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

If you do not believe in all of this then tell me why you're standing here right now.

On my ship in pursuit of Dr. Reinschmidt and not on campus flirting with your students?

INDY

If he's alive then tell me where is, *Now!*

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

I can't.

INDY

Yeah?

Well, how do you like my grip now?

Explain yourself.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

My orders are to *show* you.

Time we should all return to that plane your friends are on.

(Seaplane Flyby)

JIMMY

We were worried what happened to you guys down there.

Hang tight a sec, I haven't had a chance to make sure all the internal comms are working.

Skip, this is a sound check, can you hear me alright in that upper turret?

SKIP *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Loud and clear.

JIMMY

Grace, how about you down there, can you still hear me alright?

GRACE *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Clear as before.

JIMMY

Okay.

Yeah if I heard right, she made a few comments under her breath about you when you pulled that stunt back there, using words like "irresponsible".

INDY

She would.
But if this works and we find Reinschmidt, we'll have just saved ourselves a lot time.

SKIP (*Plane Internal Comm*)
Um, Colonel!

INDY
Yeah, Skip?

SKIP (*Plane Internal Comm*)
You see this strange fog coming in?
Maybe it's just me, but I think it's time we should radio the General.

ROWDY
Agreed.

JIMMY
Yeah and we *did* just blow up two Swift-boats.

INDY
You got me there.
Alright, let's flip the channel and get the General on the line.

'Bullwhip' to 'Thunder Bear' do you copy?
Repeat, 'Bullwhip' calling 'Thunder Bear', over.

(*Crackling Radio*)

BOB (*Over Radio*)
Copy 'Bullwhip', what's going on out there?
Recon's reporting explosions.

INDY
We met a little resistance!

BOB (*Over Radio*)
Resistance?
Of what kind?

INDY

A squadron of German Swift-boats.

BOB *(Over Radio)*
German Swift-boats?
In the Bahamas?

INDY
Affirmative.
We just captured their Captain and now he's with us on
board the Double Malt, leading us to Reinschmidt.

BOB *(Over Radio)*
He's alive, then?

INDY
I can't confirm that Thunder Bear.

BOB *(Over Radio)*
I'll scramble five Avengers, then.

INDY
Negative, Thunder Bear, hold that order.
Give us a chance to explore first.

BOB *(Over Radio)*
What's that Bullwhip?
You're breaking up!

INDY
I said we need time to investigate.
I'm not sure what we're dealing with yet.

(Heavy Radio Static)

BOB *(Over Radio)*
What's that?!
Repeat!
You're barely audible!
Bullwhip, give us your location!

INDY

Rowdy try to pick up more reception so we can get him back on the line.

Where are we Jimmy?

Jimmy?

JIMMY

I don't *know*.

INDY

What do you mean?

JIMMY

The nav controls are *shot*.

The instruments are spinning out of whack.

SKIP (*Plane Internal Comm*)

Hey guys.

JIMMY

What's up?

SKIP (*Plane Internal Comm*)

Are you seeing what this fog's doing *now*?

GRACE (*Plane Internal Comm*)

All clear down here.

SKIP (*Plane Internal Comm*)

I can't make out a thing.

You sure you don't see this?

GRACE (*Plane Internal Comm*)

No wait, Skip, I see it too.

(*Thunder Booms / Seaplane Creaks*)

JIMMY

Oh no, don't like the sound of that.

INDY

What's happening with that cloud in front of us?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Ah, It's a cumulonimbus.

SKIP *(Plane Internal Comm)*

What's a "cumulonimbus"?

INDY

Something we *don't* wanna fly into.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Haha, unfortunately there *is* no going back, for we're already being pulled into it!

GRACE *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Oh my God, it's *really* happening.

INDY

What is it?

GRACE *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Dr. Reinschmidt's "mystic fog."

INDY

This is?!

I thought it was a *theory*!

GRACE *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Well it was.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Until the Doctor proved it as a rule!
And you know what the irony is Colonel?

INDY

Enlighten me.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Humanity creates *technology* in order to advance into the future.
But Mother Earth continually reminds us: She has a natural way of doing things and she's been at it all along.

GRACE (*Plane Internal Comm*)

It's getting kinda dark in here, we must be entering right into its core.

(*Engine Failure / Cockpit Alarm / Turbulence*)

SKIP (*Plane Internal Comm*)

Hey guys, something strange is happening to me.
What's going on?

GRACE (*Plane Internal Comm*)

Yeah, I'm feeling tired, like I'm gonna pass out.

JIMMY

Your orders, Colonel?

INDY

Keep flying her straight and try to shut that noise off!
Alright Captain, you wanted to show me Dr.
Reinschmidt?!
Well now's your chance.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

The opening there, in the far side of the Nimbus Cloud,
head towards the outer vortex.

(*Heavy Radio Static*)

BOB (*Over Radio*)

Repeat!
Are you there Bullwhip?!
Do you read me?!

INDY

I read you Thunder Bear, sorry 'bout that!

BOB (*Over Radio*)

Indy!

Thank God!
Where the hell are you?!

INDY

We're passing through some sort of magnetic field.
Where are we on your scopes, what's our location?!

BOB *(Over Radio)*

Nowhere, you're off our scanners.
We can't place you!

(Heavy Radio Static)

INDY

Say again!

JIMMY

We just took off from Southern Andros Island.

INDY

We've been airborne for just over an hour.

BOB *(Over Radio)*

But Indy!

INDY

What?!

BOB *(Over Radio)*

The last time that we spoke...

INDY

He's breaking up.

(Increasing Turbulence / Radio Static)

BOB *(Over Radio)*

Are you hearing me?!
I said it was over *four hours* ago!

(Radio Failure)

GRACE *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Indy, that tunnel's really spinning and the light's getting so bright.

SKIP *(Plane Internal Comm)*

I can't hold on anymore, Gracie.

GRACE *(Plane Internal Comm)*

Skip?

And just when things were getting interesting.

JIMMY

They're all out cold, I'm starting feel it too.

INDY

What's happening?!

Why are they falling asleep?!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

I'm sorry but I've taken you as far as I could Colonel.

The rest you must discover on your own.

INDY

Great!

He was annoying *anyway*.

Hey Rowdy!

Rowdy, wake up you big lug!

ROWDY

What?

I'm trying.

INDY

I'm gonna need your help!

ROWDY

I wish I could but this one's all on you.

INDY

You know how fast we're going?!

ROWDY

Not without working gauges, do you?

INDY

Well, if "E" really equals "MC" squared, then we're about to move through this at the speed of light!

You'd better hold onto something, cuz here we go!

(Sonic Boom / Wormhole Ringing Echoes / Heartbeating)

ROWDY

Indy, wake up.

Indy.

Hey Indy!

Hey Indy!

INDY

Yeah.

ROWDY

Friend, wake up.

INDY

Yeah!

ROWDY

You need to see this.

INDY

Is everyone alive?

SKIP

Too soon to say.

I'm seeing a lot of ice, where are we?

GRACE

The air's too cold for Heaven.

JIMMY

But it's definitely not Hell.

ROWDY

Hey Indy!

INDY

What?

ROWDY

You *need* to be taking a look outside.

INDY

After everything I've just seen?

(Seaplane Door Opens To A Freezing Ocean)

There isn't anything that would surprise me.
Oh wow, Lord in Heaven.

JIMMY

That's a *massive* sail barge.
And if those troopers with their guns aimed at us tells me
anything, it's that they mean business.

ROWDY

Well Indy, it looks like we've found your friend after all.

SMITTY *(Bullhorn Microphone)*

Good morning Colonel!
Welcome to my home.

Since we have time your stay has been...*extended*.
None the less we will sail in haste to my Fortress and
Palace.
Now come aboard, we'll bring your plane in tow!

(Boarding Old Sail Barge)

NAZI SAILOR

Hands up!

JIMMY

Oh, this is bad news.

GRACE

I don't like the idea of them cuffing us like this.

INDY

Where are we, Smitty?

SMITTY

The Devil's Triangle.

INDY

Impossible.

ROWDY

It's frozen over.

JIMMY

You *know* we're in the tropic of Cancer, right?

INDY

Maybe we're somewhere else.

SKIP

Like the Antarctic?

SMITTY

You suggest the southern underworld?

I do not think so.

The real question, Colonel, is *when* are we?

When I first arrived I suspected the Cryogenian but now I know we're in some *future* ice age.

INDY

Quit playing games.

SKIP

Where did you get this ship?

SMITTY

It was a derelict down here for years... but we had *time* to make proper repairs.

GRACE

And how long *have* you been working down here?

SMITTY

Oh my, it feels like eternity.

But our first expedition into the fog, came on September 8th 1945, not too long after you raided my labs.

INDY

Which harbored *useless junk*.

SMITTY

I *disagree*.

Indeed my puzzle then was incomplete...but now, Colonel, you fit the final piece!

INDY

The Nazis wouldn't fund something like this, you were just a smoke and mirrors campaign.

GRACE

Only devised to mislead our top secret agents.

SMITTY

Oh really?

INDY

Mystic Fog Theory's a pseudoscience.

SMITTY

That may be right but Colonel you forget, I never purported to *be* a Nazi.

Indeed I was in league to take their money, but I assure you, I'm a scientist, the *greatest* that the world will ever know.

I have much better plans for my research than giving it over to the late Fuhrer.

INDY

Really?

What kind of plans?

SMITTY

All in good time, Colonel.

We're now making our approach and I have much to show you.

You know, I must say you demand a bounty of questions for one who just became a prisoner.

INDY

Well, I guess I just have an inquisitive mind.

SMITTY

Then tell it to inquire into *this*.

Look *there*!

Can you not see?

Or do you still refuse?

JIMMY

Wait a sec, isn't that the old Installation of...

ROWDY

No.

SKIP

It can't be.

GRACE

It is.

INDY

Castillo San Felipe del Morro.

SMITTY

The famous Spanish fort of Old San Juan!

Still here long after humankind's extinction.

Trooper!

Tell the helmsman to finish docking, I'm eager to show them our work.

Do you still think I'm an illusionist?

Now, patience a moment.

(San Juan Dock Sounds)

SKIP

I wonder where he's off to.

GRACE

I guess we wait here.

SMITTY

Good, I was looking for you Officer.
What's your report?

ASSISTANT OFFICER

All stations clear!

SMITTY

Excellent, bring down the prisoners.
Tonight our dinner must be right on schedule.

(Town Folk Working)

JIMMY

Man, my stomach.
I haven't eaten since before I left for Andros Island.
I wonder what he's cooking.

SKIP

Something fishy.

INDY

Yeah, I agree.

SKIP

No, I mean really, look, the fishing boats.
I bet that's all they have here.

SMITTY

You've probably noticed the sustaining warmth around
the island, unlike where you arrived.

Now, this way, please; past the Fishermen's Shacks and
up the Cliff Pass.

INDY

"Abandon all hope ye who enter here."

SMITTY

When we arrived we thought it *was* abandoned.

INDY

You have a lot of soldiers pulling duty around this fort of yours, Smitty, but they're not all remnants of the Nazi Regime.

Who are they?

SMITTY

They call themselves the "locals." but... they're everyone who's ever disappeared within the limits of the Triangle.

INDY

The lost souls of the Devil's Triangle.

SMITTY

As well as the twelve other vortices.

INDY

You're telling me they *all* ended up here?!

SMITTY

They hail from every era of mankind.

GRACE

How long have these stranded people been here, Doctor?

SMITTY

It's hard to tell.

The elder ones said that in the beginning, a ship would wash up every other day, until I came about a year ago. Since then there's been no one; except for you.

INDY

A year ago?

I thought you said you got here in September!

SMITTY

Indeed, but that's according to your timeline.
The laws of time and space take on new meaning in this place.

SKIP

Anyone from our future?

SMITTY

Oh, Absolutely.

JIMMY

Reality sure is stranger than fiction.

SMITTY

Before my team and I arrived, they all seemed hopeless, disorganized and squabbling for food.
But I was basking in epiphany: the Triangle wanted *me* to lead its chosen.
So I became their Chancellor in this "pocket of time".

Ah ha, now here we are!
This... my friends, is my "Palace" and "Vision".

INDY

This Ziggurat is your "Palace"?
What happened to the rest of the city that was here?

SMITTY

In our construction, we raised the city to the ground and leveled it into an airfield, just beyond its main structure.

GRACE

Well what good is an airfield, when you're trapped here?

SMITTY

Not quite.
Now you see the Ziggurat's pointed conductors?
As they spark to life, an eye-cap above is surrounded with our unique fog.
And *that* is the very key.
This is more than just a massive pyramid, it's a Time-Bridging Machine.

INDY

That still doesn't explain what's happening here.

SMITTY

From my flight into the fog there was much I learned and more importantly it confirmed my theory.

INDY

Which was?

SMITTY

That one does not travel in time, but rather time itself travels with one.

Observe as this next plane flies through the eye above the Ziggurat.

GRACE

So, it's picking up a cloud of fog around it, but...

Wait, it just vanished!

Where did it go?!

INDY

What *is* that thing?!

SMITTY

A magnetic amplifier!

It was designed to attract mystic fog... then concentrate it at one single source.

INDY

A miracle of German engineering.

SMITTY

Do you believe in miracles, Colonel?

Belief itself is actually the key.

INDY

What do you mean?

SMITTY

See, time is not a river.

INDY

What is it then?

SMITTY

Why Colonel, it's a *field*.

What if I told you all your memories were not just simple Hollywood recordings, or film reels you play back mid popcorn snack... but rather your inherent ability to virtually connect with what has past.

The mystic fog creates the natural bubble, but the your *third eye*, is the mechanism that *truly* transports you.

JIMMY

(*Maybe A Little Softer?*)

This making any sense to you, Kid?

SMITTY

The past, Colonel, is merely information, which can be changed on the whim of perspective. Science and the Spiritual Mind converge.

INDY

And what do you intend to do with it?

SMITTY

Precisely the question.

Guards!

Help me escort my guests into the fortress.

My fellow Doctor, that's something we'll discuss over dinner.

(*Soldiers Yelling / Giant Stone Doors Open*)

SMITTY

This way, please, down the hall, to that larger table you see.

JIMMY

Ha, wow, somebody's got rich taste.

Not too shabby.

SMITTY

Yes, this dining hall may seem a bit elaborate, especially with my collection of priceless paintings.
But are we not *truly* in the realm of divinity?

This one by Anton von Werner is without a doubt my favorite.
Don't you agree?

Now please, have a seat.

I hope you've no aversion, considering our limited supplies and all.

Waiters, please, present them with their meals.

(Dinner Gong)

JIMMY

No thank you.

SKIP

Worms?

GRACE

Ughh, I'm gonna be sick.

SMITTY

Now...

Some time ago within the Fatherland, rose a great hero known as Adolf Hitler.

He was a stern but benevolent soul and, under his inspired leadership, his country rose beyond the Great Depression to grow into the strongest nation state the modern world would ever come to know.

But how he did accomplish this, you ask?

By liberating his brothers and sisters from the sadistic practice of usury.

By nationalizing the German banks he freed his people from debt slavery and showed the world a true alternative to the gilded greed of capitalism.

SMITTY

He reclaimed lands that were unjustly taken at the villainous Treaty of Versailles and strove for peace at every point of conflict.

He did not want to mass murder the Jews and even worked to build them a safe haven upon the island of Madagascar.

But, after six years of chasing ideals, the world suppressed his social revolution.

In 1945 he took his life and would be demonized for years to come through the news media and propaganda, thanks mostly to the reels of Hollywood.

You've all gone quiet.
I'm sorry are your meals unappetizing?

SKIP

Um, I'm not eating worms.

INDY

That was the biggest crock I've ever heard.

ROWDY

You're a real wing-*Nut*, ya Jobby-Shite.

INDY

Yeah, you said it.

SKIP

But *You're* leaving out a ton of crucial facts.

GRACE

While tossing in a bunch blatant lies.

SMITTY

Of course I am!
Everyone *here* knows that!

For all of *you* were first-hand witnesses to who and what the Nazis *really* were.

But, as it does to all within this world, the great decider, mankind's greatest foe, that crushing heel that keeps us back from godhood, is always working, working

overtime, to erode truths once made self-evident.

INDY

So what's your point?

SMITTY

My point is, Colonel Jones, the human brain's hardwired to forget the lessons that it's learned from history.

And... when it forgets, the Devil makes revisions, by leaving out the most important details.

Indy, here we are able to raise humanity to a new power of its own.

Unlike ever before, mankind's greatness will finally shame both God and the Devil.

INDY

Why me Smitty?

Why do you need me here?

SMITTY

Have you ever wanted to change your past?

GRACE

Yeah, of course. everyone's wanted to right their wrongs!

SMITTY

To 'right their wrongs'.

I *know* he has, and *that* is why he's here.

INDY

I don't need you.

It's *you* who called on *me*.

SMITTY

Nevertheless, you heed my beck and call.

All of us here, we've seen how it all ends.
It's not a pretty Technicolor picture!

All of our missions, and reconnaissance, depict the tragic fall of all mankind.

SMITTY

The nation states you just fought to preserve will all give way to one great New World Order.

A hidden empire within the shadows.

And of those infinite moments in time I have pinpointed one above all else, that if altered would save all mankind from the horrors of the second World War... and the fall out of the nuclear age.

JIMMY

What point in time is that?

SMITTY

Why don't you ask the Colonel?
He was there in June 1919.

GRACE

You were?

INDY

I had a job as a translator.

SKIP

And where was this?

INDY

The Treaty of Versailles.

SMITTY

A clown court run by bureaucratic fools who would impede the deeds of better men.

INDY

Ok, the outcome there was far from perfect, but I doubt *you* have any better ideas!

SMITTY

As a matter of fact, Colonel, I do.

Guards, it's become a bit stale in here!

Throw on the lights to the deck and tell the others to join us outside!

I think everyone could use a change of pace.

(Doors Open To Entertainment 'Bomb-Deck')

SKIP

Look Indy, on that elevated stage with the instruments.

ROWDY

He's got a giant bomb!

Have these people lost their minds?!

INDY

How'd you get it?

SMITTY

Come now, Colonel Jones, I had access to *all time* to make this bomb.

Finding the parts was really rather easy!

SKIP

So *that's* your plan?

JIMMY

Haha, you're gonna blow it up?

SMITTY

Forgive me if it's less than rocket science, but given the complexity of everything I've just shown you, I thought you'd appreciate something simple.

SKIP

But why Versailles?

INDY

To circumvent the war.

SMITTY

Take away that treaty, and its clauses, as well as
Woodrow Wilson and his League, and you take away the
political climate that paved the way for Hitler and his
Nazis.

And all of this accomplished with one bomb.

GRACE

An *atom* bomb.

SMITTY

What is it you once told me?

"You want to make an omelet? You better be prepared
to crack some eggs!"

GRACE

But I.

SMITTY

Yes, you.

SMITTY

Don't tell me Colonel, that you still don't know.

INDY

Alright Smitty, what the hell are you talking about?

SMITTY

That they have played you for a fool.

They want me Colonel, not dead, but *alive*.

That's why my saving Grace here was assigned to make
sure that my research is returned to its rightful owner:
Uncle Sam.

INDY

More lies.

GRACE

No Indy, it's true.

SMITTY

I am a double agent.

GRACE

Not anymore.

SMITTY

Yes, now I'm going rogue but, believe me, there's still plenty of time.

GRACE

For what?

SMITTY

For all of you to join *my* cause.
This is my invitation to you.
The power to rewrite history is here.

You really want to place it in the hands of some corrupt ham-fisted bureaucrat?

Something like this should not be locked away while men in suits in smoky backroom clubs decide away the fate of the all the existence.

SKIP

But what about all those innocent people?

SMITTY

For years mankind has tried to take control: of land, the sea, the sky, and of itself.

But, Colonel, such control's a grand illusion, or more, a grand *delusion*.

Nobody has control over their lives.

Not me, not you, not anybody here.

Nor even our heavenly Father Time, whose structure merely serves improvisation, as evidenced by those about to play.

(Big-Band Warming Up)

SMITTY

Now please, *enjoy* yourselves, this *is* a party. Tomorrow we all rise to rewrite history.

Troopers, un-cuff them, while I enjoy a turn of my own on that lovely piano.

NAZI STORM-GUARD

Yes, sir, Chancellor Reinschmidt!

(Big-Band Plays)

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Achtung Officer!

A word with you a moment.

Step aside with me over here.

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Yes Herr Captain Nordliche... Vas?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

You have a reputation, shall we say, amongst the other troops for being a bit of a brute.

I've been made aware of some of your history in the service of the Fuhrer.

Is it true?

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Yes sir, have I been causing trouble?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

No, it's for *this* reason I've asked you aside... for your "talents".

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

I'm listening.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

I'm not very fond of the idea of being too comfortable with people that should be our prisoners even though our Chancellor remains confident.

But he *is* wise and always plans ahead.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

So, since I don't trust the limits of our new arrivals, I want to use the opportunity of their lowered guards to our advantage by keeping a close eye on them.

They'll likely be planning against us.

I'm also giving you access clearance to our heavy ammunitions room and any artillery you'll need... if in case we need to regain the upper hand.

Then at which point I'll unleash your lethal abilities as our beast against them.

But for now, escort our vocal talents to the Chancellor on the stage, it will help distract Jones and his team.

Do you understand?

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Good, then go now.

Take them with you and later make your arrangements with the troops.

But like I said, keep a sharp eye.

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Alright lady, come with me.

SADIE

Sure, right behind you.

ROWDY

Hey watch it there, pal, you just bumped into me!

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Make way for the performers and Mistress Mills!

SKIP

Who's Mistress Mills?

JIMMY

That redheaded bombshell on the bomb deck.
My my.

(Queue Music Till The End Of Time By Sadie Mills)

INDY

Alright Grace, when were you gonna tell me?

GRACE

I wasn't, well, not until I saw I for myself.

After our raid, I analyzed his data and brought it to the head of my department.

Then shortly afterward he washed ashore... fully ready to cooperate.

INDY

Whoa Wait, We *funded* the initial operation?

GRACE

The one that planted him in El Morro, yes.

INDY

What about Bob, does he know too?

GRACE

I think so. We each had our Orders and I was given my own, but now I know that no government should have access to this.

INDY

Oh, But *Smitty* should?

GRACE

He figured it all out.
It was his time, his blood, his sweat and tears.

SKIP

And you condone- what he's planning?!

GRACE

That's *not* the plan we hatched, Skip.

At first they thought to bomb the Beer Hall Putsch, and then it was the thirty-three election, and then again the gassings at Ypres.

He's showed us Indy, *everybody* loses.

The war is over but there *will* be others.

Bombing, raiding, raping, genocide...failed nation building, religious fervor, suicide attacks upon civilians.

It just keeps going on and on, like some sad, sick and twisted broken record!

INDY

We gotta stop him, Grace.

GRACE

Do we, Indy?

We hold a greater power in our hands! For even down here at the end of time the future *still* remains our own to change.

INDY

Yeah, but at what cost?

GRACE

"What cost?" The bill's been paid.

INDY

Grace-

GRACE

Damn it Indy!
My whole family's dead.

INDY

I know but listen.

GRACE

Every one of them, all gone.

INDY

Look, I got a stake in this too!
It's not like I haven't lost people either, you know!

GRACE

I do know.
That's why you're here.
You're a lab rat.
He wanted to observe the direct effects on future incarnations of past selves.

INDY

Yeah?
And if I don't go along?

GRACE

Then I'm sorry.
Today I do not play for cash and country, but for the brethren souls of my own being.
You cannot and you will not come between us.

(Graces Runs Off In Tears)

SKIP

Well, what are you waiting for?
You need to go fix it with her.

INDY

Yeah.

ROWDY

Thanks for the beers darling, might wanna check back again soon.

JIMMY

Well Skip, what do we do now?

SKIP

Survey the scene, talk with the locals; ask'em any questions.
We can't afford to take this at face value.

JIMMY

I think I've got an idea, there's a poker table.
I'm gonna go join a game.

SKIP

Rowdy, go with him.

ROWDY

I'm busy watching the show at the moment!

SKIP

Alright, I'll go with Jimmy... but keep an eye on Indy.
And watch out for that big guy over there, he's been
eyeing us up.

ROWDY

Not a problem, That's my job.

JIMMY

Alright, Skip, just follow my lead.

Evening folks, mind if I have this seat?

1ST GAMBLER

Go ahead.

2ND GAMBLER

Not if you're bringing something to the table.

JIMMY

Believe me mac, I'm packing more than plenty.

2ND GAMBLER

Oh yeah, what's that you got?

JIMMY

What are the stakes?

2ND GAMBLER

A thousand dollar buy in.
Can you manage?

JIMMY

Me?

I'll see that grand and raise you another.

2ND GAMBLER

What type of goods you got?

JIMMY

I play in cash.

2ND GAMBLER

Green paper has no value here.

Those Federal Reserve notes are worthless.

1ST GAMBLER

He said "good's".

You'd better have something.

3RD GAMBLER

Hey, what about his plane?

I'd play for that little birdy.

JIMMY

The Double Malt?

Oh no, she's here with me.

Not dumb enough to play that girl on luck.

But, I might have something better.

Hey Skip, Skip!

I need your sword.

SKIP

What for?

JIMMY

I need a spot, if they're gonna let me play.

SKIP

And I'll get it back?

JIMMY

Of course you will!

SKIP

I mean it.

JIMMY

Don't worry. Scouts honor.

Now let me win us some information.

SKIP

Here, take it.

JIMMY

Alright now boys, how about a katana?

This beautiful sword's in great condition and carries a long history.

She's more than worth that buy in.

1ST GAMBLER

That's more than good enough for me.

POKER DEALER

Alright then players, if everyone's ready, the game's "Hold 'Em. Joker's Wild".

JIMMY

Deal me in.

INDY

Grace! Grace!

Wait, look, I'm sorry.

GRACE

Indy, think of what we could accomplish here.

We could learn to do almost anything, without having to make so many choices over which course to take.

INDY

But isn't that the point?

GRACE

No, that's the *catch*.
If you could do it all over again, on what would you
decide to spend your time?

INDY

On what?
More like on *whom*.

GRACE

What's there to lose, then?

INDY

Everything and nothing.

GRACE

So, what do *you* want?
Take your pick.

INDY

Do I have to?

GRACE

Let's find out together.

SMITTY

Perhaps you'd like to take a small break?
There's something else I am dying to show you.

INDY

Oh yeah, what's that?

SMITTY

My personal chambers.

INDY

We're not *that* friendly.

SMITTY

I hope at least you're warming up to me.

INDY

Maybe, but don't get too comfortable.
I still intend to stop this craziness.

SMITTY

Really?
But Colonel, who'll be there to help you?
Grace?
We both know Dr. Lovell's on my side...and by the looks
of your friends enjoying themselves, so are all the
others.

INDY

Alright then, what's inside these so called chambers?

SMITTY

The question is not what, Colonel, but *whom*.

(Cavern Rats Screeching / Fire Torch)

SMITTY

Follow my torch light, Professor.
I realize it's a bit dark down here, but it's just up ahead
beyond that circular wooden door.

This is something you won't find in your museum.

(Old Wooden Door Creaks Open)

SMITTY

Welcome Colonel, to my private chambers.
Gold, rubies, pearls. Artifacts of every civilization, the
biggest collection of riches you've ever seen.
A treasure trove of pure fortune... and *glory*.

INDY

Where did you find all this?

SMITTY

Don't act the fool, we both know that I've access to the
all of Time.
Ergo with endless time and no mundane careers I'd
study anything to its perfection.

A nuclear physicist on Mondays, a Jazz pianist every

other Wednesday, an archaeologist over long weekends...

INDY

You're not an archaeologist.

SMITTY

Oh no?

What am I then?

INDY

A common grave robber.

SMITTY

Now, Colonel Jones, what I am is far from *common*...
but aren't the two ultimately one and the same?

INDY

Everything I "stole" was for preservation and the museum.

SMITTY

And whose museum, Yankee Doodle Dandy's?
Here, catch!

INDY

What's this?

SMITTY

Cannot you date its age?

INDY

The sword?

Yeah.

It's Byzantine, Circa fourth century.

SMITTY

You know what else went missing in that time?
Look at the tomb there.

INDY

You're kidding me?

SMITTY

I have a sense of humor. But no Colonel, I promise it's no joke.

INDY

The missing tomb of Alexander the Great.
How'd it get here?!

SMITTY

Simple, I stole it.

INDY

You stole it?

SMITTY

Yes, *that's* why it has gone missing!
And what would *you* like to steal, Colonel Jones?

INDY

Unlike you, I didn't come here to steal anything.

SMITTY

Let me rephrase it in some other way, then.
What part of your past would you like to keep?

You're always searching, Colonel, but for what?

Everything you'll ever want is *here*, the greatest finds in archaeology, access to all the ages of mankind, a girl with whom you'd spend eternity.

INDY

And *you*.

SMITTY

Too true, though am I all that bad?

INDY

Alright Dr. Reinschmidt, but who are *we* to be the dictators of everyone's fate?

SMITTY

"We"?

You ask of *our* identity?

We are the last souls left on planet Earth!

At this point in time everyone else is dead.

Don't you get it?

Mankind has failed, its timeline ends in *war*.

INDY

How do you know our version of the future would be better?

SMITTY

I know now that it can't get any worse, they've destined themselves to apocalyptic doom.

INDY

And in return?

SMITTY

I don't want anything... but need to know what you're prepared to give.

INDY

Give?

Give what?

SMITTY

Your identity.

Or... however many you've come to collect.

Not simply the man in this Flight Suit you're wearing now.

Look at the image of yourself in the surface of this tomb.

I can show you a reflection of every variation of your infinite soul.

(Ghostly Sound Of The Tomb Awakening)

There's Dr. Jones the consummate professor, eternal champion of preservation.

INDY'S GHOSTLY REFLECTION

"You've got the wrong Jones, Mr. Donovan. Why don't you try my father?"

SMITTY

And Colonel Jones the patriotic puppet, whose secret strings are pulled into their service.

INDY'S GHOSTLY REFLECTION

"Yes, the actual Ten Commandments! The original stone tablets that Moses brought down from Mount Horeb and smashed, if you believe in that sort of thing."

"I need one of the pieces your father collected"

"Lightning, fire, the power of God or something."

SMITTY

And finally there's Indiana Jones: whip wielding and grave robbing action hero., straight out of a republic serial.

INDY'S GHOSTLY REFLECTION

"No, do you?! How hard can it be?! Altimeter? Okay. Airspeed? Okay. Fuel? Fuel? Fuel?!"

INDY

Well, what will happen to them?

Smitty?

Smitty... where will they go?

INDY'S GHOSTLY REFLECTION

"Train to New York, overnight to London. Might up teaching in Leipzig."

SMITTY

In truth?

I do not know.

And that's precisely why I've asked you here.

What do you say?

Will you reap what's been sowed?

Or will you join me, in the great unknown?

(Poker Chips / Card Shuffling)

JIMMY

I'll see your hundred and raise you another.

1ST GAMBLER

Too rich for my blood, I'm out.

2ND GAMBLER

Ugh, I fold.

3RD GAMBLER

Agh, me too.

JIMMY

Hmm, well, they're out, but how about you?

You wanna keep playing?

If not I understand but- you know what that means.

4TH GAMBLER

Oh, I'm all in.

(Pushing Chips In)

JIMMY

Everything, including information.

4TH GAMBLER

On what?

JIMMY

On who opposes Old Shmiddy's rule.

4TH GAMBLER

You're talking treason?

On the eve before our Chancellor fulfills his grand vision?

JIMMY

What if I am?

4TH GAMBLER

Ha!

No one will join you in your rebellion.

JIMMY

You got nothing to worry about then.

You win the hand and you get the Katana.

I win and you tell me who I go see.

I'll even let you keep all of your chips.

4TH GAMBLER

Hmm... alright then.
Here's *my* hand.

POKER DEALER

A royal flush.

4TH GAMBLER

Try beating that.

JIMMY

You know... I never claim to play a better game with
Joker's Wild than without, but, like I always say...
"Why take chances"?

POKER DEALER

Five of a kind, the Pilot wins.

4TH GAMBLER

Damn it.

SKIP

Start talking.

SADIE

There's no need, fellas... apparently it's your lucky night.
I'm Sadie Mills and the person you're for looking is *me*.

(Crickets Chirping / Footsteps In A Hallway)

SMITTY

Good Morning, Captain.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Greetings, Chancellor Reinschmidt!

SMITTY

I trust that you have everything in order.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Ja!

The fleet and other vessels are prepped.
Our pilots are all but ready, Herr Chancellor.

SMITTY

What about Doctor Lovell?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Not here yet, there's been no sign of her nor Colonel
Jones since last night at the celebration.
You want me to investigate?

SMITTY

Don't bother, I'll get her on the radio soon enough.
I see the airfield, but is my *Personal* Vessel ready?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Yes, of course Sir.

SMITTY

Good, I want it standing by; prepared to launch.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Forgive me Chancellor, but why?
Isn't it still fairly early yet?

SMITTY

"Why" Captain?
Preparedness.
Don't you know of Murphy's Law?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Of course I do. Whatever *can* go wrong-

SMITTY

Will go wrong.
Hence my need for certainties of insurance.
Do not forget today we challenge *God*.
Now pass me the radio, I think it's time that I rouse
Doctor Lovell.

(Birds Chirping)

GRACE

Thanks.

INDY

For what?

GRACE

Last night.

INDY

Oh anytime.

GRACE

Even if it's never again.

SMITTY *(Over Radio)*

Grace, it's Emil.

Grace, do you read me?

GRACE

It's Reinschmidt, hold on.

Both loud and clear.

What is it you require?

SMITTY *(Over Radio)*

I need you at the field.

GRACE

I'll be right there.

SMITTY *(Over Radio)*

And what of Colonel Jones? Is he there?

GRACE

Yeah.. yes, he's here with me.

SMITTY *(Over Radio)*

Splendid, bring him with you.
I'm leaving the Observation Tower and heading down
onto the airfield.

(Early Airfield Sounds)

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Chancellor Reinschmidt?

SMITTY

What is it now, Captain?

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Pardon me, sir, but I think you'd better take a look at
this, just over here!

(Muffled Struggling)

SADIE

Keep your hands on your head and stay on your knees!

JIMMY

Hey look, we *trusted* you, lady!

SADIE

Chancellor, I caught these three last night around one of
the poker tables trying stir up resistance.
You said that all rebellion must be squashed.

SMITTY

Well done, Sadie.
You and your men take the prisoners to the top of the
Ziggurat and wait for me at the Bridging Machine.
I'll join you shortly.

SMITTY *(Over Radio)*

Grace, do you hear me?

GRACE

Yes, I copy, I'm here.

SMITTY (Over Radio)

You two had better hurry.

We must be done before the sun is up.

Over and out.

GRACE

Indy, I had your duffle bag brought in earlier, your clothes are right there.

INDY

What about the box I had, the extra package I forwarded to you before I dropped in, is *that* here?

GRACE

Uh, it might be with the other items Smitty had removed off the Double Malt when we arrived.

Is it important?

INDY

Something I need.

GRACE

Look, I understand a lot's happened since we've arrived here. But what else can we do?

Are you ready for this?

INDY

Are you?

GRACE

Without a shadow of a doubt.

INDY

Not even one?

GRACE

Indy, why are you talking like this now?

INDY

There is still time, you know?

GRACE

Time for what?
What other choice do we have?
You know what Reinschmidt's told you, he's seen the
future that mankind has doomed us all to.
There really isn't any other way.

INDY

Well, if you're convinced this is our only hope...
So, what should we tell the others if we go along with
this, if we follow Reinschmidt?

GRACE

The others?
They were never meant to be here.
My job was to extract you from the team, but
circumstance made it impossible.

INDY

They're gonna try and stop us.

GRACE

Let them come, the Chancellor and his people are
prepared.

INDY

All right then, I know what has to be done.
But, there's just one last thing missing.

GRACE

What's that?

INDY

We gotta find my hat.

(Soldiers Marching / Planes Flying / Electricity Surging)

STORM-CONTROL OFFICER *(Over Radio)*

Permission to lift off, sir?

SMITTY

Negative, we need to hold.

STORM-CONTROL OFFICER *(Over Radio)*

Affirmative, Chancellor, standing by for your command.

SMITTY

We're running late, Jones.

SKIP

What made you turn Colonel?

Fortune...or glory?

INDY

Who says I've turned?

SKIP

You're standing over *there*.

INDY

Maybe I like the view.

SMITTY

That is enough!

Colonel, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that you were stalling.

INDY

Bologna.

You want me to go through with all of this?

Fine!

But only if I have my hat.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

I only found this package.

INDY

That's the one.

Don't worry, it'll only take a moment.

GRACE

What does the note on the box say?

INDY

It's from Marcus.

"You cannot change your past... I only ask you try not to forget it."

There we go.

GRACE

Your hat.

SMITTY

Prepare for liftoff.

STORM-CONTROL OFFICER *(Over Radio)*

Preparing liftoff.

(Through Airfield Speakers)

Liftoff is a go!

GRACE

Why are you looking around the control deck like that
Indy?

You're *a/ways* searching...

INDY

A/ways.

GRACE

For what?

INDY

Both everything and nothing.

SMITTY

My machine and the fleet will now fulfill their destiny, this
is it!

INDY

The Control Lever.

No *this* is it!

(Bullwhip On Control Panel)

SMITTY

The controls!

(Explosions)

SMITTY

What the hell are you doing?!?

INDY

What I've *a/ways* done!

GRACE

You figure out another way, didn't you?!

There *is* always another option.

JIMMY

See?!

Haha!

See that?

I told you, buddy!

SKIP

I stayed optimistic!

ROWDY

I never doubted him for a second.

SMITTY

Fine Jones!

GRACE

Indy!

INDY

No!

(Gun Cocking)

SMITTY

Then you force me to use my gun in threat of her life! Or even better yet...

Captain!

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Yes, sir?

SMITTY

Execute them... *all*.

CAPTAIN NORDLICHE

Gladly, Chancellor.

INDY

No!

(Gunfire)

SMITTY

What have you done, Sadie?!

SADIE

Your Captain's life had to be taken!

My apologies Chancellor, but I'm afraid I can't let you do that to them.

SMITTY

So, Sadie. You've decided to stage a revolution!

SADIE

What's the phrase? There's no time like the present?

SMITTY

But what about your future?

SADIE

We don't have one.

These five maybe, but certainly not us.

Our souls were lost a long, long time ago and now they've only one place left to go.

INDY

Sadie and her men were just waiting for my signal!

Did you see *that one* coming?

SMITTY

Murphy's Law?!

Yes, but thankfully it isn't too much trouble, I always have a better backup plan.

There's my vessel now.

INDY

You sure we're in some "future place in time"?!

SMITTY

The skeptic still, Colonel?!

INDY

Oh I believe... especially in he who would deceive!
You've been caught your lie, you don't really know what the future will bring!

This has all just been a trick to get everyone to follow you into rewriting history to your own utopia!
And I saw right through you!

SMITTY

Well, you know... Seeing rarely is *believing*.

(Stone Trap Door)

ROWDY

Indy, look!

SKIP

It's a trap door, get him!

JIMMY

And I thought they were only in the motion pictures!

(Airfield Siren)

INDY

Too late, it's jammed shut!
Great, looks like we've got company!

SADIE

His troops will be all over us in minutes.

JIMMY

If we don't get out of here, they'll surround the base of this pyramid and kill us all when they reach the top!

SADIE

We'll hold them off here for as long as we can.

INDY

Reinschmidt's headed to that ship of his out there on the water!

SKIP

Your orders, Colonel?!

SADIE

They're almost here!

INDY

Let's go!

Jimmy, when we get down, you head for the Double Malt!

You're gonna need her to get outta here!

JIMMY

Yes, sir!

INDY

And Rowdy!

ROWDY

Indy?!

INDY

You go with him!

Remember, that's an order!

ROWDY

Aye, whatever.

Or maybe... I'll just leave your side when I feel good and bloody ready!

SKIP

What about me, Colonel, they're coming up the stairs?!

INDY

There are a couple troopers in that jeep below us.
That's gonna be our best way outta here.
I'll go down there first!

(Bullwhip)

It's hooked onto the cable to those pillars!
I'll swing out and you grab the whip when it comes back!
Bring them with you!
Get it?!
Make sure you follow my lead and try to keep up!

SKIP

Wow, this thing is really pretty useful!

(Jeep Drives Off)

JIMMY

Hold up kid, those troopers just sped off with Indy in the back!

SKIP

I guess it's a little late to follow!
Oh no, the one riding shotgun just spotted him!

ROWDY

They'd better keep their hands off!

JIMMY

Looks like the jeep is circling around the outside of the building, if we time this right we might be able to make it when it comes back around!

SKIP

Sadie, how are we doing there?!

SADIE

They're flanking the stairs, but we're holding them off for now.
Fire boys, give them hell!

(Background Rifle Fire)

SKIP

Do you see Indy?!
He should be rounding the far side of the building!

SADIE

Where is he?!

SKIP

He's in that jeep there, with those troopers!

SADIE

Yeah, I can see him in the scope of my rifle!
If I can get a clean shot at the one on top of Indy, that jeep might make it back around in a moment!

JIMMY

How far away are they from coming back?!

ROWDY

Take the shot!
End him!

SADIE

Almost...
They're getting closer...
Just a little closer...
And...
Right...

(Rifle Fire)

There!

Got it!
Ok, here he comes kid, you'd better move fast!

SKIP

Thanks!

SADIE

Good Luck!

JIMMY

Do you wanna spot?

SKIP

No thanks, I think I got this.

INDY

Not bad.

SKIP

You think?

INDY

Beginners luck.

Take the wheel, head after Reinschmidt!

Rowdy get on that mounted gun in the back and take
down those planes!

Jimmy and I will clear the path!

Well, what are you waiting for Skip?!

Punch it!

(Jeep Driving / Gunfire)

(Plane Flyby)

INDY

There's another one there, Rowdy, take him down!

(Jeep Turret Fire / Plane Explosion)

(Wheels Screeching)

INDY

Look out kid!

ROWDY

Keep your eyes on the road!

INDY

Who taught you how to drive?

SKIP

Sorry!

(A-Bomb Plane Flyby)

SKIP

Look guys, I need to *bail*!

JIMMY

That's crazy talk!

SKIP

Heck no, I'm serious!

That plane up there has the atom bomb!

INDY

He's right, Smitty's gonna try to send it through!

SKIP

Besides you're gonna need some air support.

ROWDY

He's got a point.

SKIP

This plane will do, right here!

(Screeching Tires)

INDY

Let's go!

(Running / Ground Combat)

SKIP

Here!

JIMMY

Remember, kid, that's an atom bomb on that thing, so you don't wanna blow him up!

SKIP

I'll figure something out.
You go save Grace, she needs a second chance now more than ever.

INDY

I guess that's it, then.

SKIP

There's no need to say it.

INDY

Good luck Skip, I'm sure we'll meet again.

SKIP

Who says we already haven't?

(Climbing Fighter Plane Ladder / Engine Starts / Take Off)

INDY

That kid's something else... Alright, let's get out of here!

JIMMY

I've got your shotgun!
I think it's time to bring this all back home!

INDY

What's that sound?

ROWDY

BAZOOKA!

JIMMY

What'd he say?!

INDY

He said "incoming"!
Jimmy, hit the deck!

JIMMY

Aw shhhhiii-

(Explosion)

(Coughing)

JIMMY

Are you alright, Colonel?!

INDY

Never been better.

JIMMY

Where, where's Rowdy?

INDY

I don't know, is that him there?
Oh no, that's the brute that just blew up our
transportation.

JIMMY

Hold it right there, buddy.

(Punching)

INDY

Jimmy!

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

You're up next.

INDY

Who, me?

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Gimme your best shot!

INDY

There's *always* gotta be another big one...
Alright, Fine!
You want me?!

ROWDY

Not this time, Indy.
Today, that heavy one's *mine*.

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

Come on!

(Fist Fighting)

INDY

Jimmy, get up.
He knocked you pretty hard, you alright?

(Cough)

JIMMY

Ugh, not really, he messed up my *favorite* shirt.

INDY

Right.
Good luck, Rowdy!

ROWDY

Keep your luck, or give it to *him*!
I'm not gonna need it.
Now, get going, unless you want to watch him get walloped!

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

You there, come on!

(Fist Fighting)

JIMMY

You ready Colonel?!

INDY

Let's get *outta* here.

JIMMY

Come on, The Double Malt's this way, right past those three guards in the Hanger.

INDY

Not going with you.

JIMMY

You're not?!

INDY

Not yet at least.

You're my insurance.

Pick Rowdy up, and then go after Skip.

We need to make sure this place is destroyed.

JIMMY

What about you?

INDY

I don't know, there's gotta be something that I can...

There!

I can take *that flying wing*!

(Smitty's Ocean Vessel / Waves Crashing)

GRACE

You know he's gonna stop you, Smitty!

SMITTY

I think you'll find that you're wrong, nothing has changed!

Pilot, are you there?!

STORM FIGHTER-PILOT *(Walkie Talkie)*

Standing by, sir!

SMITTY

Then turn around and meet me out at sea.
We'll make our course through the heart of the Triangle.

STORM FIGHTER-PILOT *(Over Radio)*

Affirmative, Chancellor. I'm on my way!

SMITTY

You see, my dear?
There isn't anything that can stop us now.

(Airplane Hangar Doors / Murmuring Junkers)

JIMMY

Well hello there, guards!

1ST HANGAR JUNKER

What do you want?!

JIMMY

My plane there, The Double Malt.

(Hangar Junkers Laughing)

2ND HANGAR JUNKER

Fat chance, air mac, hahaha!
This plane is ours now!

1ST HANGAR JUNKER

Scram, or this bullet's meant for you!

(SFX - Gun Cocks)

JIMMY

You know boys... there's just two rules to remember if
you ever wanna get on my good side.
The first rule is:

(Colt 45 Gunfire)

Don't touch the Double Malt!

And the second...

(Colt45 Gunfire)

JIMMY

Don't forget rule number one.

Thanks for the help gentlemen.

Now I just need to go pick up Rowdy and find Skip.

(Seaplane Engine Starts)

(Fist Fighting / Panting)

HEAVY BULK-TROOPER

You had enough yet, Highlander?

ROWDY

Are you kidding, I left room for 'seconds'!

(Heavy Punching)

You want dessert?!

I didn't think so, enjoy the nap.

(Seaplane Approaches)

JIMMY

Hey Rowdy, Come on!

Let's go grab a nightcap!

(Smitty's Ocean Vessel / Waves Crashing)

SMITTY

Everything is *precisely* on schedule.

GRACE

Where are we going?

SMITTY

The Palace of Versailles.

GRACE

But we destroyed your bridge.

SMITTY

Oh, yes, you did.

But you may have missed what I said to you before... I don't need some cheap man made machine to tap into the heart of *my own* 'Triangle'!

(Flying-Wing Flyby)

(Dash Sounds)

INDY

Looks like Jimmy and Rowdy made it out alright. Now I've just gotta catch up with Smitty.

There they are!

You're not getting away that easy!

(Enemy Gunfire / Bullet Impact)

Great!

(Enemy Gunfire / Explosion / Cockpit Alarm)

That enemy fighter's just clipped my wings!

Well, if I'm gonna crash, I might as well aim for Smitty's ship!

Here we go again!

(Crash Landing / Seaplane Flyby)

ROWDY

Jimmy, I can see Skip just up ahead in that Fighter Plane!

You wanna let him know we're here?!

JIMMY

Yeah, good idea.

Hey Skip, you there?!

SKIP *(Over Radio)*

Hey, I read you loud and clear!
Boy am I glad to hear you guys!

JIMMY

We were lucky to make it out of there!
Indy took one of those flying wings and he's headed
after Smitty to save Grace!

SKIP

Yeah I spotted him a moment ago, flying past in that
thing!
He was headed right for Smitty's Destroyer.

JIMMY

Hmm, How can we help?

SKIP *(Over Radio)*

Just stay close. I'm trying to stop that A-Bomber up
ahead and keep it from getting through to the other side.
I need you to make sure you cover me, I'm gonna pull up
level with it!

JIMMY

And then what's next?!

SKIP *(Over Radio)*

Well, I just locked the yoke in position.
So watch out for my hatch, I'm gonna pop it and take a
walk out on the wing!

JIMMY

What?!
You're in the air, are you crazy?!
One step out there and you're gonna blow right off of
that thing!

ROWDY

Has that boy lost his mind?!

JIMMY

Oh my god, Rowdy!
There he goes!

(Smitty's Ocean Vessel / Waves Crashing)

SMITTY

Bomb Escort, I need you here now, what's taking so long?

STORM FIGHTER-PILOT *(Over Radio)*

I thought I saw something on our wing, Sir.
Uh, should be there in moment.

SMITTY

Saw something?!
What is going on up there?!
I'm dispatching additional Fighters!

STORM FIGHTER-PILOT *(Over Radio)*

I'm not quite sure... it sounds like someone just got on board the plane!

SMITTY

Pilot?!
Pilot, what do you mean?!

STORM-SCOUT OFFICER

Sir! Sir!

SMITT

Pilot, answer me!

STORM-SCOUT OFFICER

Chancellor, we're approaching heavy fog!
The clouds are forming into a tunnel.

SMITTY

Perfect, prepare my chopper.

STORM-SCOUT OFFICER

Already done.

SMITTY

Excellent, you may be my most competent officer yet.

STORM-SCOUT OFFICER

And what of Jones?

He survived the crash, but he's unconscious at the moment.

SMITTY

Put the Professor on board as well and restrain him with the rope.

It's time that we leave.

(Deckhands Throwing Indy / Helicopter Engines start)

SKIP *(Over Radio)*

Jimmy, you read me?

I took out their pilot and I'm all settled in.

I just wanted to say, it's been nice knowing you guys.

JIMMY

Kid, Yeah I hear ya!

But what do you mean?

What are you doing?!

ROWDY

He's turning around.

He's heading back!

SKIP *(Over Radio)*

I'm finishing the job, go after Jones.

ROWDY

I'm sure the Colonel's fine.

If you're 'going', then we're on your wing too.

SKIP *(Over Radio)*

You don't have to do this.

There's no reason you two should have to make that sacrifice with me.

(Cockpit Alarms)

JIMMY

He's right kid, you're not going alone.
They've sent more Fighters our way and we're gonna
make sure you're all clear!

May Lady Luck be with us.

*(Seaplane Flyby / Atom Bomb Deploying / Atomic
Explosion)*

(Helicopter Flyby)

GRACE

He's coming to.

SMITTY

Just in the nick of time.
You'll find there's nothing he can do, he's been
restrained.
As long as he's with us, it will work.

Do you hear me, Colonel?
I need you to remain alive.
You're the third part in the key to my experiment.

The converging plane of Science and the Spiritual Mind.
Now, let's try again a second time around and do what
you can to stay awake, my dear.

(Storm Vortex Intensifying)

Feel it... passing through you!

(Screams Of Eternal Horror)

INDY

Grace.
Grace wake up.

GRACE

Indy?
What happened?

I thought Smitty was flying.

INDY

He was, but... Grace, something happened.

GRACE

What do you mean Indy?

INDY

I woke up, after we had all passed out.
Everything was different.
I saw you in your seat unconscious and the helicopter
was in the vortex, in complete silence.

Then I saw Smitty, he was standing there outside of
time, staring into the abyss.

He was hypnotized and consumed by peering into
everything that ever was.

Then it began devouring his mind and infinite soul from
his body, from across every point in time.

I could feel the temptation calling to me too.

I wanted it... but I knew what it would cost.
I realized this was our only chance.
That's when I pulled myself away, I grabbed the controls
and stabilized the helicopter.

But Grace, if it wasn't for that, I don't you and I would be
here and we wouldn't have a future we'd be returning to.

Bob was right... whatever this was, it can't come back...
too dangerous to be left in *anyone's* hands.

GRACE

So then, where's Smitty?
Is he tied up in the back?

INDY

You got it.
But we're still in the tunnel.

GRACE

So, where are we headed?

INDY

I have no idea.

GRACE

Maybe our course has yet to be determined.

INDY

Well, where should we go then?

GRACE

Back to the beginning?

INDY

Already been there.

GRACE

How about the end?

INDY

Depends, I wouldn't want to spoil things.

I think we're better off in the present.

Look! The opening to the end of the vortex!

GRACE

So what are we gonna do about Smitty?

INDY

I guess we'll have to bring him in.

GRACE

What if they try to use him?

INDY

Wouldn't matter.

If they try to recover anything from his theory, they're only gonna hit a brick wall.

Plus I can't imagine that continually stepping through the way he has, is without its own side effects..

He's lucky to even be alive.

(Radio Signal Resurrects)

BOB *(Over Radio)*

Indy!

Indy!

INDY

Bob!

BOB

Are you there?

INDY

You bet I am!

BOB *(Over Radio)*

What happened?

You were gone for several hours!

Did you contact the team I sent?

INDY

I did!

BOB *(Over Radio)*

Well, where the hell'd they go?!

INDY

Certainly somewhere.

I think I'll let Smitty do the "talking".

BOB *(Over Radio)*

You have him, then?

INDY

Yes, sir.

BOB *(Over Radio)*

And your squadron?

INDY

Just me and Grace.

BOB *(Over Radio)*

I've just cleared you for landing on our naval ship.

INDY

Making our approach to the vessel.

BOB *(Over Radio)*

So, what happened to the others?

INDY

They volunteered to tie up any loose ends.

Okay, I hope you and your boys are ready, I'm easing the helicopter down on the pad now.

BOB *(Over Radio)*

Well, I'm headed to meet you.

Over and Out.

GRACE

The Malt never showed up on our scopes.

Where do you think they went?

INDY

God only knows.

Wherever they belong, I hope.

INDY

It's a shame we couldn't have just stayed *there*.

GRACE

Well, where *do* we belong?

INDY

Right now?

Washington.

(Helicopter Lands And Shuts Down / Waves Crashing)

(Government Building Activity)

BOB

We've been at this a long time, Major.
The events have been fully documented and everyone
has places they need to be.

EATON

We're not quite done yet!
Doctor Jones, your official report details *after* the section
in regards to your team that... and I quote: "Reinschmidt
had been hiding out on the island, in a small hillside
tunnel with a weak structural support system.

"This tunnel was soon lost when it collapsed under the
weight of the rock mass that surrounded it."

"This was done tactically to flush him out of his dwelling.
He was apprehended afterward and no investigation
could be done, due to the current condition of those
grounds."

That leaves us with *nothing left*.

GRACE

Well, I guess that settles it.

EATON

Oh no. No it certainly doesn't!

INDY

I *haven't* done my country a great service?

EATON

We wanted you to *obtain* Reinschmidt's research.
Your orders were to retrieve it!
Not destroy every trace of its existence!

INDY

I brought you back the *man*... get it from *him*!

EATON

He will not *speak*!
And now he's in a psychiatric ward!
How are we supposed get anything out of him?!
And as for you Doctor Lovell, I...

BOB

I think we're done here, Major!

It would appear that you and your men have some work to do.

(Chairs Moving Away From A Table)

INDY

Oh I'm not worried, I'm sure that you've got "Top Men" on the job.

Come on Grace, let's get out of here.

(Door Opens / D.C. City Activity)

BOB

Well, everything's packed up in the car.

You know, you really came through for me on this Indy.

INDY

Thanks Bob.

Look, you mind giving me a moment with her?

BOB

Sure.

INDY

I'll be right there.

BOB

I'll wait in the car with Marcus.

INDY

So what's up next for you?

GRACE

Time off in France.

INDY

Anywhere in particular?

GRACE

Versailles.

I guess we can't go "home" again, can we?

INDY

We can't, until we find it somewhere else.

But maybe there's something for us here, yet.

GRACE

Maybe.

I guess time will tell.

You think we've seen the last of Reinschmidt?

INDY

Who knows?

But...he *gets* it now.

It's definitely not man's place to play God.

GRACE

There's nothing he can do and he'll never "shame the devil"...

INDY

Well, I guess this it.

Marcus, you can start her up.

(Car Engine Starts)

Hey Grace, you wanna know the *real* way to "shame the devil"?!

Tell the truth!

(Car Drives Away)

DRAMA HOST

Indiana Jones And The Bridge To Yesterday

By Keith Voss

Based on Characters and Situations Created by

George Lucas and Steven Spielberg

With an original Story by Keith Voss

Screenplay by Tim Bungeroth

With additional Writing for Radio Adaptation by Alex Levitsky

Featured In The Cast Were:

Alex Levitsky as Indiana Jones
Kimberly Fling as Grace Lovell
Brian Byus as Dr. Emil Reinschmidt
Lito Velasco as Marcus Brody
Andrew Rodes as Forrest Gerber
Michael Skopinski as William Lightfoot
Keith Voss as George Stivers
Brandon Deardorff as 1st Student
Shannon Baumgart as 2nd Student
Ben Rodefer as 3rd Student
Grayson Tomecek as 4th Student
Dan Gobble as 5th Student
Dustin Baumgart as 6th Student
Kay Voss as Dr. Lara Kay
Michael Skopinski as General Bob Ross
Daniel Thorn as Captain Nordliche
Ute Perkins as Rowdy Wyatt
Alex Levitsky as Skip Faraway
Anthony Franqui as Jimmy Ray Jenkins
Grant Harris as Swift-Boat Gunner
Drew Pennell as Nazi Storm-Commander
Andrew Rodes as 1st Nazi Storm-Trooper
Phil Rearich as 2nd Nazi Storm-Trooper
Grant Harris as Assistant Officer
Michael Skopinski as Nazi Storm-Guard
Phil Rearich as 1st Gambler
Drew Pennell as 2nd Gambler
Joe Stuber as 3rd Gambler
Daniel Thorn as 4th Gambler
Alex Levitsky as Poker Dealer
Emily Viynos as Sadie Mills
Andrew Rodes as Storm-Control Officer

Drew Pennell as Heavy Bulk-Trooper
Andrew Rodes as Storm Fighter-Pilot
Ed Dolista as 1st Hangar Junker
Phil Rearich as 2nd Hangar Junker
Drew Pennell as Storm-Scout Officer
and Alex Krowzow as Major Eaton

This is Daniel Thorn

Indiana Jones And The Bridge To Yesterday

was Directed by Alex Levitsky and Tim Bungeroth

The Executive Producer was Keith Voss in
association with The Further Adventures of Indiana
Jones segment Featured on The IndyCast.

The Assistant Producer was Junior Jones in
association with The Indymag.

Sound Design for this production by Alex Levitsky
and Alex Krowzow.

Music used in this drama is by various composers
and artists with returning music by John Williams.

Post Production was realized by Alex Levitsky and
Alex Krowzow.

Indiana Jones And The Bridge To Yesterday

was Produced by The Further Adventures Of
Indiana Jones Podcast Segment
and Raiders Radio In Association with The
IndyCast fan operated News and Commentary
Podcast
Alongside Indymag - The Magazine for Indiana
Jones Fans - a fan operated Magazine

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The official Indiana Jones site can be found at
www.indianajones.com

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